If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.
Ile to the King my maiſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

Enter the Prince and Blunt

War. Here comes the Prince.

Iuſt. Good morrow, and God ſaue your maieſtie.

Prince This new and gergeous garment Maieſty
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you thinke:
Brothers, you mixt your ſadneſſe with ſome feare,
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh court,
Not Amurath an Amurath ſucceedes,
But Harry Harry: yet be ſad, good brothers,
For by my faith it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And weare it in my heart: why then be ſad,
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,
For me, by heauen (I bid you be aſſurde)
Ile be your father, and your brother too,
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:
Yet weepe that Harries dead, and ſo will I,
But Harry liues, that ſhal conuert thoſe teares
By number into howres of happineſſe.

Bro. We hope no otherwiſe from your maieſty.

Prince You all looke ſtrangely on me, and you moſt,
You are I thinke aſſurde I loue you not.

Iuſt I am aſſurde, if I be meaſurde rightly,
Your maieſty hath no iuſt cauſe to hate me.

Prince No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
So great indignities you laid vpon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon,
Th immediate heire of England? was this eaſie?
May this be waſht in lethy and forgotten?

Iuſt. I then did vſe the perſon of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in th adminiſtration of his law,

Whiles I was buſie for the common wealth,
Your Highneſſe pleaſed to forget my place,
The maieſtie and power of law and iuſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented,
And ſtrooke me in my very ſeate of iudgement,
Whereon, (as an offendor to your father,)
I gaue bold way to my authority,
And did commit you: if the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To haue a ſonne ſet your decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iuſtice from your awful bench?
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword,
That guards the peace and ſafetie of your perſon?
Nay more, to ſpurne at your moſt royall image,
And mocke your workings in a ſecond body?
Queſtion your royall thoughts, make the caſe yours,
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſonne,
Heare your owne dignity ſo much prophan'd,
See your moſt dreadfull lawes ſo looſely ſlighted,
Behold your ſelfe ſo by a ſonne diſdained:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power ſoft ſilencing your ſonne,
After this cold conſiderance ſentence me,
And as you are a King, ſpeake in your ſtate,
What I haue done that misbecame my place,
My perſon, or my lieges ſoueraignte.

Prince You are right Iuſtice, and you weigh this
Therefore ſtill beare the Ballance and the Sword,
And I do wiſh your honors may encreaſe,
Til you do liue to ſee a ſonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you as I did:
So ſhall I liue to ſpeake my fathers words,
Happie am I that haue a man ſo bold,
That dares do iuſtice on my proper ſonne:
And not leſſe happie, hauing ſuch a ſonne,
That would deliuer vp his greatneſſe ſo,